

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Waste of Forests Means Ruin.

THE people of the United States can derive an object lesson from Brazil as to the climatic effects produced by the destruction of forests. No more striking illustration could be found of the fact that trees make the weather.

In northern Brazil large states have been brought to the verge of ruin through the devastation of the timber lands. United States Consul General Seeger at Rio de Janeiro calls attention to the chronic droughts and torrefaction in the states of Rio Grande do Norte and Ceara, where the parched country has brought such suffering that relief measures have been put in operation by the government. The consul general points out that the situation there can be definitely traced to the wanton destruction of the timber, once abundant in those regions. Now the states are being depopulated, and desolation reigns where once nature offered every inducement to the settler.

The United States in recent years has taken steps toward the protection of its forests, but the laws are still far from stringent. The government was slow to awake to the urgency of the matter. The waste of timber in this country during the past fifty years has been almost beyond belief. The continental railroads alone destroyed millions of acres of forests. They slashed and burned recklessly in building their lines, and their engines set fire to and ruined vast areas. Settlers, with no thought of the future value of the timber, added heavily to the waste. In one way or another, the ruthless hand of the destroyer has done damage that can be repaired only at the expense of many years.

The forestry department of the government is one that should be built up and strengthened by laws designed not only to foster the growing of trees, but to protect the timber now standing.—Chicago Journal.

We and Our Neighbors.

IMMIGRATION is a subject of infinite possibilities. We had 339,530 immigrants last year; Canada had 128,000. Who is the more advantaged? Of our 955,000 came from the south of Europe—Italians and Slavs—a class that all authorities on the subject say is little to be desired. Of Canada's comparatively small amount 80 per cent came from Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States—the best material in the world to build up a country and make it richer materially and morally. Not the kind to people the slums of the cities, live from hand to mouth, increase the drain on pauper care, and, in large part, to get out of the country when they have got all out of it that they can or want. *

Canada has millions of acres, and she is setting about their disposal in a way to attract the good citizen. She offers, too, a stable government; peace, order and law, where, alas, we have and offer turbulence and a liberty that, becoming license, infringes on rights like a tyranny. Is the great republic losing its charm? Is the glamor passing off? Our immigration total does not look like it. But again comes the question of quality. What boots it that we get the offscourings of Southern Europe and part with some of our best blood to build up our neighbor to the north, where fruits of their industry are absolutely lost to us?—Indianapolis News.

The Cost and Folly of War.

THE war in the far East, according to the computation of a well-informed newspaper of Paris, is costing the Russian government at least \$1,000,000 a day, and the expense is increasing daily. If the war continues for years, as the experts say it is pretty sure to do, Russia will accumulate a burden of debt that will rest heavily upon many future generations.

Of course, \$1,000,000 a day is not a surprisingly great sum for a first-class power to pay for the conduct of a war. Our war with Spain cost us considerably more than that. But it was a short war and our financial condition was very strong. Russia, on the contrary, has been throwing millions after millions since the new policy with regard to the Asiatic portion of the empire was put into operation. Nobody knows how much the Trans-Siberian railway has cost. But it is an enormous amount; and the expenditures on Port Arthur, Dabny, Vladivostok, and the other outposts have run into the hundreds of millions.

OBEYING ORDERS.

During the war with Spain 47,000 soldiers were at one time camped at Chickamauga awaiting orders for the invasion of Cuba. Some of the regiments were made up of the finest and most earnest young men of the communities from which they came. The exigencies of camp life necessitated duties with which they had been unfamiliar. From one cavalry regiment two young men, cultivated, well-read, and graduates of colleges, were detailed to assist in horseshoeing; and so faithfully did they do their work that within a month they were able to make as good a horseshoe and shoe a horse as well as men who had been trained to the trade from youth.

"It was not exactly what we had in mind when we enlisted," said one of them, "and it was as near the battlefield as we ever got; but it was our way of serving our country then, and we tried to do our duty."

A harder duty still was assigned to another man in the same regiment. The major detailed him to keep the regimental canteen. Not only was he a total abstainer, but he was opposed to the canteen on principle, and in his conversation with his comrades had made no secret of his feeling in the matter.

He hotly resented his assignment to this hateful labor, and could easily have risen in rebellion at what seemed a gratuitous insult to his well-known principles. But he said to himself that the responsibility for his assignment to the task rested with the major, and the responsibility for the way in which he performed his duty was his own. So he took up the unpleasant work and said not a little curiosity on the part of his comrades concerning the way in which he would obey the major's orders.

"I will give you the beer if you want it," he said to the first man who asked for a drink of beer, "but I have something better here in the finest lemonade to be found in camp." Removing the cover, he disclosed a generous vessel filled to the brim with rich lemonade, and a large lump of ice in the middle. It was too tempting to resist, and the lemonade was purchased instead of the beer. Before noon of the first day his lemonade was known throughout the camp, and the run upon the canteen was such that he was kept busy making more, and he took pains to keep the quality up to the mark.

lions. Indeed, it was pretty well known to the Japanese as well as to the rest of the world that Russia's treasury was in an extremely bad way at the time war was declared. But the \$1,000,000 a day is, after all, only a small part of the bills Russia has to face. Her losses of battleships have meant the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property that must be replaced, and the prospective capture of her great towns with their armaments must make the Czar's heart sick.

Considered as a plain business proposition, the war with Japan does not seem to be a very good investment. Even though Russia should win at last, she will have to defend her possessions more expensively than ever, and how many years of ownership of Manchuria will be required to make up her losses?—Chicago Journal.

Railroads in Darkest Africa.

IT seems only the other day that explorers were gaining fame by penetrating to regions of Africa through which one may now ride in a drawing room car. The other day the first through train left Cape Town for Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi River, near where Livingstone died, and on the edge of that region the exploration of which made Stanley famous. With the opening of traffic of this southern section of the Cape to Cairo road half the splendid dream of Cecil Rhodes—a dream which caused men of lesser minds to say that he was touched with madness—becomes materialized into a prosaic, working fact, a matter of freight rates, time tables and tips to the Pullman porter.

From the north one can now travel more than a thousand miles to where only a few years ago, "the fires of hell encircled in the desert lost Khartum" as easily as one can travel to Chicago, and south of Gordon's reclaimed capital the railroad is creeping along the banks of the Upper Nile. From Cape Town to Victoria Falls is another thousand miles, leaving something like 2,500 miles more of road to be built, but much less than that if use is made, as it will be at first, of the long stretches of lake navigation available. A section of only 750 miles will carry the southern stretch of the road to Lake Tanganyika, from the northern end of which a short section will connect with the head waters of the Nile.

Before we fully realize what is being accomplished, the scream of the locomotive whistle will scare the infant Nilus in his cradle and the realm of the Pharaohs find an outlet along the shores where Table Mountain looks out toward the Antarctic seas. All the schemes of ambition cherished by the dead Egyptian kings had no vision of expansion so great as this. The dream of Cecil Rhodes was greater than the dreams of the Pharaohs.—New York Press.

A National Peril.

THERE is more in the toleration of recent automobile performances on the highway than the mere ignoring of the rights and the safety of other people, since the thing would not be possible unless we had forgotten part of the spirit of our institutions.

For instance, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the only reason some of the men who drive racing machines escape jail is that they are conspicuous in some way, generally the possession of a good deal of money. The average man would serve a term behind the bars if he caused the needless annoyance and danger and damage which these men do.

But if this is true, where is the practical equality before the law of which we have boasted for years? And without that what becomes of the basis of our system of popular government?

It is not merely in the matter of sport that the change has come. It is commonly observed that it is almost impossible to punish individuals or corporations of a certain prominence for some offenses. Between the complaint and the execution of the penalty there is almost always a way of escape for these people, although there would not be for smaller fry. The exceptions are just about enough to prove the rule.

It is a more or less clear perception of the fact which causes much of the discontent which existing in ignorant men, takes queer and unreasonable forms, but is none the less founded in a certain degree of justice, and which among wiser men leads to apprehension of the future, unless we can bring about a more general regard for sound principles of justice and for the authority of law against one exactly as against another.—Hartford Times.

The major came by and saw how he was conducting the place, but he raised no objection. The men of the regiment understood the reason for supplying the lemonade, and although at first there had been some disposition on the part of the rougher ones to make merry over the uncomfortable situation in which the young man had been placed, even these came to admire the spirit in which he obeyed orders, and they rallied to his support. When his duties at the canteen were over, he was found at the camp Young Men's Christian Association, helping in the religious work of the regiment. But the popularity of his lemonade proved so great as to demand a steady supply of it, and in proportion as the lemonade was consumed, the sale of other drinks diminished.

The young soldier had obeyed his orders, and performed a task which his soul despised, but he did it in a way that helped to give his regiment the reputation of being one of the soberest and most orderly in camp.

HALLSANDS IS DOOMED.

English Village Is Falling Slowly Into the Sea.

Nestling under the cliffs about a mile from Start point, on the east side, is a cluster of white cottages, which forms the village of Hallsands, says the London Graphic. Far removed from a railway and separated from the nearest point of tourist traffic by several miles of rough Devonshire lanes, its main connection with the world is the daily cart which carries crabs to the station.

The village, which is built close to the sea, faces east, and is exposed to the fury of easterly gales. Walls and quays have from time to time been built to prevent the waves reaching the houses and nature provided a safeguard from the peril in the shape of fifty yards of pebble beach which the gale rolled up against the quays and so formed a natural embankment to preserve the walls and foundations.

All would, no doubt, have continued to go well with the primitive spot had not the contractors for government works at Keyham cast their eyes on that bank of shingle. They persuaded the government to let them use this beach for their work, and for three years every spell of fine weather brought the dredger to the spot and strings of lighters would go away laden with the shingle.

In time the beach sank twelve feet for a mile and a half, leaving the quays exposed. When bad weather

came the mischief done was apparent. Ground swells swept the beach bare, leaving little rocks. Soon the walls of the quays began to suffer, and then the sea began slowly but surely to encroach on the shore, until house after house had to be abandoned because of the damage done to them by the force of the waves that beat against them unobstructed.

Every storm does further damage and one of the last broads made by the sea cut through the one street of the village, the two sides of which are now connected by a wooden foot bridge. A fund has been started to purchase land on the top of the cliff at the back of the village, as a site for a new village, for the old Hallsands seems doomed.

The destruction of the fishing village is to be made the subject of a lawsuit. An owner of property there has issued a writ against Sir John Jackson, Limited, the contractors for Keyham dockyard extension works. The plaintiff alleges that the defendants, by dredging, removed thousands of tons of shingle, which formed a natural barrier against the sea.

The admiralty and Sir John Jackson subscribed \$7,500 toward a sea wall to protect the village, but that has been partially washed away.

He Gets Up Early.

"If you want to get cool in these hot days," said a man who begins his daily work at 5 o'clock in the morning, "try rising early."

"I get up at about a quarter past 3 in the morning and get out into the open air just before 4 o'clock, which is half an hour before sunrise. It is pretty nearly broad daylight then, and the aspect of things is cheerful, and the transition from indoors to the bright cool outer air is delightful."

"The atmosphere is just then at its coolest, from its longest freedom from the warmth of the sun, and it is clear and bright and tonic. If you want a breath of cool, fresh air in the hottest season get up and get out at 4 o'clock in the morning."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Too Much to Expect.

Brookeleigh—I don't know what time it is.

Ascum—Isn't your watch running? Brookeleigh—I don't think so. I could hardly expect the pawbroker to keep it wound up.—Philadelphia Press.

Now up an up, when you take a good look at yourself in the glass, don't you think, "Well, I'm not such a bad-looking fellow?"

WHERE NATURE SPORTS.

Queer Things to Be Seen in the Bay of Trieste.

Around the head of the Gulf of Trieste, in the southern part of Austria and extending across the base of the Istrian peninsula, is a plateau of limestone which presents some peculiar phenomena, says the New York Tribune.

Full-grown rivers issue from its side, disappear under other hills, to reappear later at some distant point. Mysterious springs rise through the bottom of the Bay of Trieste, in time of heavy rainfall bubbling up with a violence sufficient to endanger small craft. In the heart of Cherso Island, which is in the middle of the Gulf of Quarnero, is the Lake of Vrana. It is surrounded entirely by hills and lies in a basin said to be 45 fathoms deep. The level of the water is reputed to be at least 40 feet below the level of the sea about the island. It has no apparent affluents or effluents, yet the waters are always fresh and cool.

It is believed the lake is fed by some subterranean passage leading out under the bay from the Istrian Alps, possibly from Monte Maggiore itself. Some distance to the northward is a lake which disappears for weeks at a time. This sheet of water, known as the Lake of Zirknitz, is about four miles long and from two to three miles broad. Villages, chapels and castles are reflected in its waters. Frequently in July, although not every year, the waters begin to disappear, and in August the bed, 50 feet below the surface at some points, at times gradually appears. From 20 to 25 days are required for the entire lake to be discharged. When the bed is revealed the peasants plant crops of barley where only a short time before they were drawing their nets. The bed remains uncovered sometimes for many weeks. The peasants gather their barley and hay from the bottom in the meantime. Then, with a rush, the waters return, the basin being refilled sometimes in a period of 24 hours.

The limestone which forms the bed is perforated with a vast number of caverns and fissures. Nearly 30 of these are visible. They are 50 feet deep. The peasants give them names such as the Kettle, the Sleeve, etc. There are 28 openings which draw water off, only 12 of which both draw off and discharge water. They connect with caverns and subterranean passages penetrating beneath the surrounding mountains.

In this neighborhood also is the grotto of Adlesberg, the largest known cavern in Europe and one of the most beautiful in the world. It has been explored for a distance of four or five miles. Through a portion of it flows the River Polk, which takes this subterranean method of reaching its destination.

Besides the fantastic caves and grottoes are deep pits, varying in diameter from a few feet to several miles, some of them having forests and agricultural lands at their bottoms.

JEWS ARE MADE GENERALS.

Two Receive Signal Promotion in Austria and One in France.

The Austrian army has received two Jewish generals at the same time, says the Israelite. Eduard von Schweitzer has been appointed general of the infantry and Naval Constructor Siegfried Popper was raised to the rank of a general, the first case in the Austrian navy. Popper was born in Prague in 1848, is a graduate of the technical college in Karlsruhe, and has been in the service of the navy since 1871.

General von Schweitzer is a native of Hungary, entered military service as a private soldier in the war of 1836, studied afterward in the cadet school, was made lieutenant and distinguished himself in the Bosnian insurrection of 1878. Being admitted to the military academy, he became staff officer, colonel of an infantry regiment, and is now raised to the rank of general. According to Oesterreichische Wochenschrift, this is supposed to be the first case of a Jewish general in Austria. There was reported, however, some time ago the appointment of another Jew, General von Porger. He may, however, have been converted to Christianity before.

A French Jew—Colonel Valabregue—has been appointed chief of the cabinet of General Andre, the French minister of war. This extremely important promotion, of course, produced a spasm of furious excitement in the anti-Semitic papers. They declare that France and the army have been betrayed to the Jews and that Valabregue is cousin to the "traitor Dreyfus." "From to-day," exclaimed the Libre Parole, "Valabregue is the real head of the army. We shall soon see him minister of war and Dreyfus chief of the general staff. He is also the cousin of General Naquet, that other Jew, who, in a certain measure, is grand master of artillery."

Business Her Chief Idea.

"I heard last week," said Professor Gates of Harvard, "a good example of double entendre. There was a man who had been courting a woman for five or six years. This man, it was plain, loved the woman; he called on her five nights in the week, but in that shy mood common in New England he could not bring himself to propose."

"He sat one evening opposite his sweetheart. He had grown quite bald since his courting had begun and, as for her, little lines had appeared about her mouth and eyes, and she stooped as she walked. Very desperate she was. It seemed to her that they might have been married five years ago."

"I seen," said the shy lover, "I seen an ad. to-day for a suit for \$10."

"Was it a wedding suit?" the woman asked in a strange voice.

"No," he answered nervously, "it was a business suit."

"Well, I mean business," said the woman.

Storks Have No Voice.

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klopping" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly).

Intellectuality is the cause of baldness. So says a baldheaded scientist.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TELLS HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

By Dr. George F. Hall.



DR. G. F. HALL.

laid down one of the most profound philosophical truths of the ages when he said: "As a man thinketh so is he." If a woman constantly thinks gray hairs and wrinkles she will soon have both in abundance. On the other hand, if she boldly defies spectacles, powders, paints, styes, wigs, etc., and constantly asserts to her own heart and the whole world her right to remain young, nine times out of ten she will still be a girl at 40 instead of a broken-down old woman ready for the grave.

If a man will defy old Father Time by a constant mental and physical declaration of his right to keep young and buoyant he can win in a walk. There is no use for a nervous collapse at 35 or 40. Most men chew too much tobacco, smoke too many cigarettes, drink too much liquor and live too fast every day. Too many mistake reckless dash for strenuousness. Repose is one of the greatest needs of the hour. Washington was a man of giant purpose and iron will, yet withal a man of magnificent repose. But for a little carelessness which precipitated pneumonia he might have lived to pass the century mark.

Sandow advises exercise and cold baths. This is all right as far as it goes. But a regimen which considers only the physical man is worth very little without a pure, strong mind, a clear, honorable life and a God-centered soul.

TREATING BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

By John A. Howland.

There is a strong tendency at present to regard business as a science, knowledge of which can be reduced to principles and general laws. This means that the painfully acquired experience of individuals is being sifted, formulated, made general in application, so that it can be handed on to benefit others. In no department of business practice has there been such enormous development in the last decade as in organization, the intellectual framework by means of which a business moves, and this organization of business is now being studied as never before. It has long been known that system was an important element, but as competition grows fiercer and fiercer, the perfection of method, of system, appears to be the very key to success.

The latest development of this tendency to discard the methods of our fathers is shown in the rise of the "business doctor," who is an expert who may be called in to examine and prescribe for any business that shows symptoms of falling health. He is a graduate from the school of experience. He takes charge of everything and bosses everybody concerned. The first thing he does is to examine the working system, and he invariably finds this to be closely connected with the seat of the disease. Striving at every point to eliminate waste, he often finds it necessary to reorganize it from top to bottom. Detecting leakage here, waste of time there, he endeavors by introducing time and labor saving devices to reduce the running expenses. He teaches managers how to advertise most effectively for the least money, how to have the windows dressed, how to economize floor space, how to make two men do the work of three.

Besides examining into wastes that result from lack of

system, the business doctor looks out for possible dishonesty on the part of employees. He uses all sorts of clever devices for detecting such practices. He mercilessly prods everybody to see how much work he can get out of him. He pries into every nook and corner and into every slightest transaction till he knows just what is going on everywhere every minute. He shakes up and he shakes down the whole business, tightening a screw here, fastening a loose bolt there, applying to one man a tonic, to another a dressing down, always with his finger on the pulse of his patient, till finally it steadies down to a normal, healthy action.

It is not such a long stretch of years since the Dutch trader used his foot as the standard of weight in buying furs from the Indians of America. There was method in that! But we have elaborated business knowledge and methods in America since then. To-day experts and specialists in business principles are known as "doctors," and we may without undue exaggeration dignify the sifted, classified, and duly arranged substance of their special knowledge as science.

AMERICA AND THE PRESENT TIME.

By Senator Chauncey H. Depew.



SENATOR DEPEW.

I have only contempt for watery patriotism. I know men who invest abroad because they see the shadow of an anarchy and communism which is to touch their possessions. I know men who live abroad to get out from under the American avalanche. I hope they will never return. We neither want them nor do we want the offspring of such stock. What are our perils? In comparison with what we have gone through and overcome they are nothing. Our dyspeptic friends talk about the glory of the old time and how we have fallen away in manners and in morals. Early records speak of the exceeding drunkenness among the clergy of Virginia, but no such record attaches to any church in any denomination in any State, in any township, of the United States to-day.

The eighteenth century had for its inventions by Americans two things, the lightning rod and shingle nails, but the nineteenth century contributed more to the happiness of man and the glory of God than all the centuries which preceded it. General Washington's administration and his republic were rocked to the center by a whisky rebellion in a county of Pennsylvania, but in our time thirteen States and a million of men, American at that, in arms against the republic for its overthrow only played it off on former foundations with purer liberty. Rah for your good old times! The best time is to-day, except to-morrow.

PEOPLE OF TODAY ALL IMITATORS.

By E. E. Vincent.

We are all terribly alike, and every man and woman is but an imitation of some other man or woman. In literature, art, religion, we are all under the influence of some dominating power. Even in sports we are not free from imitation. Thousands of people who did not want to ride bicycles did so because they wanted to imitate the wealthy class at Newport. And of what use was their rejoicing? Now they must needs motor, and play golf, because it is fashionable to do so and the people they want to seem like enjoy these things.

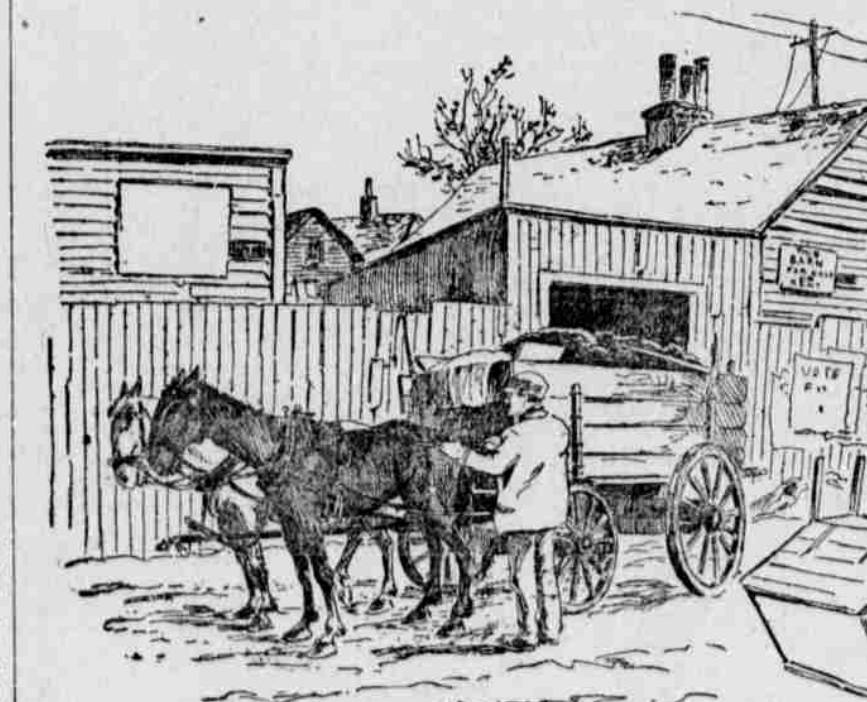
We will never get rid of the fads, and we may never get rid of the imitations, but the only chance for the latter is to cultivate individuality. The way to do that is to stimulate yourselves for greater efforts by never letting a day pass without spending fifteen minutes at least with some one you feel is superior to you or by reading for that length of time in a good book.

MEN CHEAPER THAN HORSES.

Famine in Horses and Rush of Work Make Them Hard to Hire.

If anyone is deceiving himself that the automobile has any chance of driving horses out of the market let him ask the teamster or bus driver, says the Chicago Chronicle. The contractor will tell the same story, giving figures to prove that the horse market was never in better shape than it is this fall and that horses were never in greater

He considers this a big estimate, allowing for the high rental of barn room downtown. "And even at that rate we think it is costing more to keep a horse than a man," he explains, "beside that we have our investment to look out for, we have put money in the horse and the man didn't cost us a cent. And then again the man can take care of himself, but a beast of a man will abuse a poor beast of a horse. A horse will work all day long and all night if



HORSES GET BIGGER PAY THAN THEIR DRIVER.

demand. Indeed, it is much as the superintendent of one of the city bus lines said the other day: "It is a pity the automobile does not take hold of the rough work the horse now has to do. We don't need automobiles to haul the fashionable about town. We need them for delivery wagons and for dirt-hauling and for coal wagons and the like. The horse can do the best of the work himself. What he needs is something to help him with the hard work."

There are not on the market to-day enough heavy horses to do the hard work of city teaming. According to reports the price of an average team horse has doubled within the last nine months and the scarcity of teams for general hauling is alarming. Contractors are having the greatest difficulty in getting enough teams to do the work and the price of hire for a team, wagon and driver has recently advanced from \$3 to \$4 to \$5 to \$6 per day. Even at this price horses are not to be found and general teaming companies are unable to fill their orders. Drivers and wagons are plenty enough, but it is impossible to get the horse to complete the outfit. It so happens that while a man is earning \$1.50 a day his team is earning \$3.

The superintendent of barns for a big cab company figures the cost of a horse's keep at \$12 a month. The sum is divided something as follows:

Feed \$8 00 Barn rent \$3 00 Groom 4 00 Shoes 2 00

the driver forces it, but a man won't—there's the difference. We have to look out for the horse and the man can look out for himself. If you were to figure it out deducting for the extra expense of keeping a horse and for the odds and ends in the line of expenses you will find that a single horse does not hire for quite as much per day as a man does. But we never hire a single horse—we get them in an outfit—horse, wagon, harness and driver for so much. Naturally the outfit will cost more than any one part of it."

Many of the large contractors, unable to get horses to use in the work of excavating cellars, have put in large forces of men, who, with pick and shovel, are able to do the work of teams.

WOMEN MAKE PAPER MONEY.

Even Guides at Bureau of Engraving and Printing are Girls.

The government and the banks, and even the postoffices, would be in a hole for a time if all the women in the bureau of engraving and printing should drop dead all at once. That shop would have to close up pretty quick. "Way, you can't even go over there and look around without a woman

an to show you. All the guides to the bureau for the benefit of tourists and other ignorant people—which includes all Washington people, for Washington people are the most ignorant people on earth about Washington institutions—all the guides, and there are seven of them, are women, young women and pretty women at that.

And how the people do visit there! Three thousand a week, said a guide. That's 500 a day. And that's one a minute for every working hour of the day. Pretty constant stream of callers that.

Not so many years ago three decrepit old men were the guides. Now the seven are women, which is significant, and one that typifies the work done in the bureau, for here, of the 3,000 employees, more than half are of the feminine persuasion.

These young and good-looking guides will explain how American money is printed on the back, then put in cold storage, where it goes through a drying process; then sorted and the imperfect sheets thrown out; then printed on the face, and then perforated and put up in packages to be sent to the treasury for the government sale.

They generally tell how useless it would be for any one to try to rob the wagon containing this money. In the first place, because six guards always accompany it; and, in the second place, because the money at this stage of its manufacture wouldn't be any good, anyway.

"It is seven days after a bill is printed on its back before it is printed on the face," said this visitor's guide. "It takes thirty days to make a silver dollar bill, and forty to make a gold one. The gold one is printed three times, twice on one side, because it has to have the word 'gold' and a little splash of gold on this side before the face can be printed."

Then she led the visitor to the framed dollar bills fastened to one of the walls in the hall, and showed these bills, calling special attention to the gold certificate, and then led the way back to the front door and said adieu. It was all over in ten minutes.—Washington Post.

Furs Growing Scarce in Siberia.

The wealth of Russia in furs is being rapidly sapped. It is reported that in a certain district of the Yenesei government, where fifty years ago hunters annually shot 28,000 sables, 6,000 bears, 24,000 foxes, 14,000 blue foxes, 300,000 squirrels, 5,000 voles and 200,000 hares, hardly a sable can be found to-day. The blame is laid to the wanton destruction of wild animals in the course of the hunting expeditions. No steps seem to have been taken to put a stop to this.

Bullfrogs as Sentinels.

A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries to fish, and that it is useless to try to catch bass when a deep-voiced bellowing frog is watching.

They tell of a young man who was educated so much that he finally had all the native sense educated out of him.